

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review ;

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Review of New Books.

The Vespers of Palermo; a Tragedy, in Five Acts. 8vo. pp. 116. London, 1823.

WE are aware that many persons would sooner drink a cup of sack, with lime in it, than read a condemned tragedy, but, as the process is not very long, though perhaps tedious, it is as well to go through it, particularly as it is only to be done once; for condemned tragedies, are not like sparks, 'which, trodden down, fly up into your face,' nor do they, like Banquo's ghost, rise with twenty mortal gashes on their heads, to push us from our stools.

Although the 'Vespers of Palermo' does not bear the name of the author, it is no secret; a female certainly did not write 'Junius's Letters,' nor would a lady be long a great-unknown; and yet it is not so great a wonder that a woman keeps a secret, as Mrs. Centlivre would have us believe; we scarcely, however, recollect a new play, if written by a lady, but that the circumstance was known to all the town long before it was produced. Such was the case with the 'Vespers of Palermo,' which was long ago stated to be from the elegant pen of Mrs. Hemans,—a lady who has gained considerable poetical reputation, for which she is certainly, in some degree, indebted to the kindness of her critics, although her talents ensure her a large portion of honest praise. Writing poems and writing tragedies are, however, very different things, as even Lord Byron has found; and we ought not, therefore, to be surprised that Mrs. Hemans has not increased her reputation, by adding to it that of a successful dramatic writer. Her tragedy is full of poetic beauties, but it is deficient in vigour, in incident, in the management of the plot, and in almost every quality requisite for an acting drama.

The tragedy of the 'Vespers of Palermo' is founded on a terrible event, which occurred towards the close of the thirteenth century, and is related by most of the Italian historians. In the

year 1281, Charles of Anjou, who had seated himself on the throne of Naples and Sicily, quitted the latter, delegating his power to a French viceroy, whose arbitrary measures led the Sicilians to seek an opportunity of throwing off the yoke of France. They were aided or rather prompted to the effort, by Giovanni di Procida, a partisan of the exiled family of Manfred. Di Procida had repaired to the court of Peter, king of Arragon, whom he wished to set up, and had afterwards proceeded to Constantinople, where he succeeded in inducing the Emperor Michael Paleologus to join in the project; promises of assistance were also obtained from Pope Nicholas III., and Di Procida, who had conducted these delicate negotiations, now repaired in the disguise of a monk, to Sicily.

Two years elapsed before the scheme was carried into effect, and, although it must have been known to many, the secret was never betrayed. At length, Peter of Arragon sent his fleet to the coast of Sicily, and the conspirators in the island thought the plot ripe for execution. On Easter eve, in the year 1282, the bell rang for vespers, and this was the signal for one of the most unsparing and indiscriminate massacres ever committed, which was commenced in revenge for some alleged insult on the part of a Frenchman, who, it is stated, insulted a Sicilian lady,—one historian says a bride,—who was passing with her train to church, and that he insulted her under the pretence of searching for concealed arms, which the Sicilians were forbidden to carry. This insult could neither justify, nor was it the cause of the massacre, which fell first on the French in Palermo, and extended throughout the island. It is said that, in less than two hours, upwards of 8000 persons were put to the sword, and that the Sicilians killed such of their own sisters as had married Frenchmen and were likely to have issue by them.

The story, it will be seen, is horrible enough for any tragedy or melo-drama. Mrs. Hemans has deviated, in some degree, from the original, and has engraft-

ed upon it a love story, which certainly possesses no novelty, but has formed the plot of a hundred dramas and novels.—The son of the conspirator is in love with the sister of the person conspired against, and the old struggles, between love, patriotism, and paternal duty, are revived. It is not, however, our intention to give the story, which we reserve for our dramatic notice. There are several highly beautiful passages, and even whole scenes of considerable merit: one of the most effective, on the stage, and it is really good, is that in which Procida first discovers himself to his son Raimond, which we shall quote.—

Raimond. (After a pause.) When shall I breathe in freedom, and give scope To those untameable and burning thoughts, And restless aspirations, which consume My heart i' th' land of bondage?—Oh! with you,

Ye everlasting images of power, And of infinity! thou blue-rolling deep, And you, ye stars! whose beams are characters Wherewith the oracles of fate are traced; With you my soul finds room, and casts aside The weight that doth oppress her.—But my thoughts

Are wandering far; there should be one to share

This awful and majestic solitude Of sea and heaven with me.

(Procida enters unobserved.) It is the hour He named, and yet he comes not.

Procida. (Coming forward.) He is here.

Rai. Now, thou mysterious stranger, thou, whose glance

Doth fix itself on memory, and pursue Thought, like a spirit, haunting its lone hours; Reveal thyself; what art thou?

Pro. One, whose life Hath been a troubled stream, and made its way

Through rocks and darkness, and a thousand storms,

With still a mighty aim.—But now the shades Of eve are gathering round me, and I come To this, my native land, that I may rest Beneath its vines in peace.

Rai. Seek'st thou for peace?

This is no land of peace; unless that deep And voiceless terror, which doth freeze men's thoughts

Back to their source, and mantle its pale mien With a dull hollow semblance of repose, May so be call'd.

Pro. There are such calms full oft Preceding earthquakes. But I have not been So vainly school'd by fortune, and inured To shape my course on peril's dizzy brink, That it should irk my spirit to put on

Such guise of hush'd submissiveness as best
May suit the troubled aspect of the times.

Rai. Why, then, thou art welcome, stranger!
to the land.

Where most disguise is needful.—He were bold
Who now should wear his thoughts upon his
brow

Beneath Sicilian skies. The brother's eye
Doth search distrustfully the brother's face;
And friends, whose undivided lives have drawn
From the same past, their long remembrances,
Now meet in terror, or no more; lest hearts
Full to o'erflowing, in their social hour,
Should pour out some rash word, which roving
winds

Might whisper to our conquerors.—This it is,
To wear a foreign yoke.

Pro. It matters not
To him who holds the mastery o'er his spirit,
And can suppress its workings, till endurance
Becomes as nature. We can tame ourselves
To all extremes, and there is that in life
To which we cling with most tenacious grasp,
Ev'n when its lofty claims are all reduced
To the poor common privilege of breathing.—
Why dost thou turn away?

Rai. What would'st thou with me?
I deem'd thee, by th' ascendant soul which
liv'd,

And made its throne on thy commanding brow,
One of a sovereign nature, which would scorn
So to abase its high capacities
For aught on earth.—But thou art like the
rest.

What would'st thou with me?

Pro. I would counsel thee.
Thou must do that which men—ay, valiant
men,—

Hourly submit to do; in the proud court,
And in the stately camp, and at the board
Of midnight revellers, whose flush'd mirth
is all

A strife, won hardly.—Where is he, whose
heart

Lies bare, thro' all its foldings, to the gaze
Of mortal eye?—If vengeance wait the foe,
Or fate th' oppressor, 'tis in depths conceal'd
Beneath a smiling surface.—Youth! I say
Keep thy soul down!—Put on a mask!—'tis
worn

Alike by power and weakness, and the smooth
And specious intercourse of life requires
Its aid in every scene.

Rai. Away, dissembler!
Life hath its high and its ignoble tasks,
Fitted to every nature. Will the free
And royal eagle stoop to learn the arts
By which the serpent wins his spell-bound
prey?

It is because I will not clothe myself
In a vile garb of coward semblances,
That now, e'en now, I struggle with my heart
To bid what most I love a long farewell,
And seek my country on some distant shore,
Where such things are unknown!

Pro. (exultingly.) Why, this is joy!
After long conflict with the doubts and fears,
And the poor subtleties of meaner minds,
To meet a spirit, whose bold elastic wing
Oppression hath not crush'd—High-hearted
youth!

Thy father, should his footsteps e'er again
Visit these shores—

Rai. My father! what of him?
Speak! was he known to thee?

Pro. In distant lands
With him I've traversed many a wild, and
look'd

On many a danger; and the thought that thou

Wert smiling then in peace, a happy boy,
Oft thro' the storm hath cheer'd him.

Rai. Dost thou deem
That still he lives?—Oh! if it be in chains,
In woe, in poverty's obscurest cell,
Say but he lives—and I will track his steps
E'en to earth's verge!

Pro. It may be that he lives.
Tho' long his name hath ceased to be a word
Familiar in man's dwellings. But its sound
May yet be heard!—Raimond di Procida,
—Rememberest thou thy father?

Rai. From my mind
His form hath faded long, for years have pass'd
Since he went forth to exile: but a vague,
Yet powerful, image of deep majesty,
Still dimly gathering round each thought of
him,

Doth claim instinctive reverence; and my love
For his inspiring name hath long become
Part of my being.

Pro. Raimond! doth no voice
Speak to thy soul, and tell thee whose the arms
That would enfold thee now?—My son! my
son!

Rai. Father!—Oh God!—my father! Now
I know

Why my heart woke before thee!

Pro. Oh! this hour
Makes hope, reality; for thou art all
My dreams had pictured thee!

Rai. Yet why so long.
Ev'n as a stranger, hast thou cross'd my paths.
One nameless and unknown?—and yet I felt
Each pulse within me thrilling to thy voice.

Pro. Because I would not link thy fate with
mine,

Till I could hail the day-spring of that hope
Which now is gathering round us.—Listen,
youth!

Thou hast told me of a subdued, and scorn'd,
And trampled land, whose very soul is bow'd
And fashion'd to her chains:—but I tell thee
Of a most generous and devoted land,
A land of kindling energies; a land
Of glorious recollections!—proudly true
To the high memory of her ancient kings,
And rising, in majestic scorn, to cast
Her alien bondage off!

Rai. And where is this?

Pro. Here, in our isle, our own fair Sicily?
Her spirit is awake, and moving on,
In its deep silence mightier, to regain
Her place amongst the nations; and the hour
Of that tremendous effort is at hand.

Rai. Can it be thus indeed?—Thou pour'st
new life

Thro' all my burning veins!—I am as one
Awakening from a chill and death-like sleep
To the full glorious day.

Pro. Thou shalt hear more!
Thou shalt hear things which would,—which
will arouse

The proud, free spirits of our ancestors
E'en from their marble rest. Yet mark me well!
Be secret!—for along my destin'd path
I yet must darkly move.—Now, follow me;
And join a band of men, in whose high hearts
There lies a nation's strength.

Rai. My noble father!
Thy words have given me all for which I
pined—

An aim, a hope, a purpose!—And the blood
Doth rush in warmer currents thro' my veins,
As a bright fountain from its icy bonds
By the quick sun-stroke freed.

Pro. Ay, this is well!
Such natures burst men's chains!—Now, fol-
low me.

A great error, in this play, is, that
what should have formed the catas-
trophe takes place in the third act;
and what follows is as insipid as mutton
broth to a person who has been feasting
on turtle, not that the story has lost all,
but its main interest. Our gallantry,
however, forbids us to find fault any
longer, and we conclude by selecting a
few passages which will be allowed to
possess considerable beauty.

HOPE.

'What a fond fool is hope! She may be taught
To deem that the great sun will change his
course.

To work her pleasure; or the tomb give back
Its inmates to her arms.'

SLAVERY.

'When slavery's cup
O'erflows its bounds, the creeping poison,
meant

To dull our senses, thro' each burning vein
Pours fever, lending a delirious strength
To burst man's fetters—and they shall be burst!
I have hoped, when hope seemed frenzy; but
a power

Abides in human will, when bent with strong
Unswerving energy on one great aim,
To make and rule its fortunes.'

WOMAN.

'Is not the life of woman all bound up
In her affections?—What hath she to do
In this bleak world alone?—It may be well
For man on his triumphal course to move,
Uncumber'd by soft bonds; but we were born
For love and grief.'

A BATTLE.

'Ay! now the soul of battle is abroad,
It burns upon the air!—The joyous winds
Are tossing warrior-plumes, the proud white
foam

Of battle's roaring billows!—On my sight
The vision bursts—it maddens! 'tis the flash,
The lightning-shock of lances, and the cloud
Of rushing arrows, and the broad full blaze
Of helmets in the sun!—The very steed
With his majestic rider glorying shares
The hour's stern joy, and waves the floating
mane

As a triumphant banner!'

We must not take leave of this tra-
gedy without observing that it has been
published at a low price, compared to
similar productions,—which is a lauda-
ble example, thus set by Mr. Murray.
A few years ago, no new play was pub-
lished at more than half a crown, what-
ever were its merits; but, lately, any
trash spun out into five acts, if it had
been acted once, though damned, has
been charged four shillings or four and
six-pence, and we believe some have
even been dearer.

*A Treatise on the Culture and Manage-
ment of Fruit Trees.* By CHARLES
HARRISON, F. H. S. Gardener to J. A.
Stuart Wortley, M. P. 8vo. pp. 356,
London, 1823.

WE certainly know much better how
to eat fruit than to produce it, yet, so

precise, and at the same time, so intelligible, are the directions given in Mr. Harrison's treatise, on the culture and management of fruit trees, that we feel convinced we could ourselves put them in practice; and we have really in contemplation to exchange the pen for the pruning knife, get a small plot of ground, rear fruit trees, and become a candidate for some of the prizes of the Horticultural Society, assured that, if we really are successful, the reward will not be withheld, as the Royal Society of Literature has done with its prizes.

Mr. Harrison is a straight forward writer; he does not commence with a history of the rise and progress of horticulture, from the garden of Eden to the present time, and puzzle us with disquisitions on what sort of an apple it was that Satan tempted the mother of mankind with;—he leaves the times 'when Adam delved and Eve span,' to other learned Thebans, and proceeds at once to his subject. His first chapter is 'On the proper soil for fruit trees.' He next points out the aspect most suitable for each kind of fruit tree, the indications by which the best trees may be known, the method of pruning, planting, training, watering, and nailing them. After treating the subject thus generally, Mr. Harrison gives directions for the management of the different sorts of fruit trees—as apple, pear, plum, cherry, apricot, peach, nectarine, the vine, the fig-tree, the gooseberry shrub, the currant, the raspberry, the strawberry, &c. &c. The manufacture and application of composition for destroying insects do not escape the notice of the author, who has apparently rendered his work as complete as possible. Mr. Harrison conveys his information in a style at once clear and explicit; as a gardener, we know he ranks very high, and that Mr. Stuart Wortley, in whose service he has long been, can supply as fine a dessert from his gardens under Mr. H's. management, as any member of the Horticultural Society. Wishing to give a specimen of Mr. Harrison's writing, we select two of his chapters on the cultivation of gooseberry and currant trees, as likely to be of the most general interest to our town readers:—

'On the Gooseberry Tree.—Gooseberry trees like a good, deep, strong, rich, loamy soil, and almost any airy situation is suitable for them, but the crop is most abundant when the situation is favourable to their protection, in spring, from the cold east winds, which are frequently destructive to the blossom of those trees. Trees of this kind may be planted in quarters by themselves, in borders round the garden, or so as

to train them against a trellis. In planting them in quarters, they ought to be six feet apart in the rows, and eight feet between the rows, and when it is designed to plant them against a trellis, they must be planted nearer or farther apart, according to the height of the trellis. A trellis of five feet high is what I prefer, for, when it is higher, it will shade the next row of trees behind, unless the trellis be fixed so as to point from south to north, but they are best when constructed from east to west, as the trees have the full advantage of the sun. Trees planted against a trellis, as described, should be set four feet apart in the rows, and six feet betwixt the rows. In planting the trees always spread the roots regularly round the bole, and at four inches from the surface; let the tree be mulched and watered immediately after being planted.

'The trees, afterwards, require a summer and winter regulation. In furnishing the tree with wood, let the bearing shoots be six inches apart. The summer regulation must be performed about the end of June or early in July, in doing which, let any strong luxuriant shoots be taken away, also all suckers which may be arising. It is a practice with some persons, at this season of the year, to pinch off the ends of all shoots upon the tree, but I disapprove of it as a general practice, because I have had ample proof that it causes the tree to send forth a greater number of useless shoots, and thus its strength is thrown away.

'There is also another injury done to the tree at the early part of the season, by the gathering of the fruit when it is green, and before it has attained half the size it would have done. In doing this, some persons clear whole trees of the berries which were upon them; the effect of which is, that the trees being so suddenly deprived of their produce, receive a very severe check, and the superabundance of sap is expended in a great production of suckers and luxuriant shoots, thus their strength is thrown away and the trees greatly injured. Instead of this, I always thin off the berries from every tree, and thus the fruit which remains is improved in size; and the object of a supply of green gooseberries is obtained, whilst a proper reserve is left for ripening. If it be desired to have very large fruit, it may be obtained by a judicious thinning, shading of the fruit from hot sun, and, when the fruit approaches maturity, from rain; also by watering the roots with manure water. The water which I use is, three quarts of drainings from a dung-hill, to one quart drained from fowls' or pigeons' dung, soaked for the purpose, which must be applied so as to keep the soil in a moist condition. Let manure water be used twice, and pure water once, in regular succession.

'The winter pruning must be performed as early in the season as possible. A proper distribution of shoots must be left throughout the tree, so that the bearing shoots be six inches apart. In shortening the shoots of a good healthy tree, cut them to twelve buds, and reserve one lateral shoot as near to the origin of each main branch

or shoot as possible. Cut clean away all shoots or branches not wanted, and let all suckers be pulled or grubbed up. As soon as the trees are pruned, let the mixture for the destruction of insects be applied.

'When winter has set in, let a quantity of well rotted manure be spread upon the soil to the extent that the roots reach to. The strength of this will be washed down into the ground, and will enrich the soil, also be destructive of the larvæ of any insects which may be in the ground. At the following spring, the best rotted part of the manure may be just turned under the soil, but not to dig deeper than three inches, as far as the roots extend, but the other part of the soil must be dug a spit deep. Where there is the convenience of having well rotted tanner's bark, I should recommend that it be occasionally used instead of manure.'

'On the Currant Tree.—The treatment of the currant tree is the same as that directed for the gooseberry, with the exception of pruning. In pruning the currant tree, always endeavour to keep a plentiful supply of young vigorous wood, as the fruit is much finer when produced from such, than from short spurs. In order to obtain suitable wood, it is necessary to cut out a certain quantity of the old wood every year, and, with the exception of the main limbs, let no wood be retained that is more than four years old. The main limbs of the tree must always be disposed at a proper distance from each other, so that the bearing wood may not be crowded. The shoots retained must be left about four inches apart, and their ends be cut off; strong vigorous shoots must have about three inches cut off the end, and less vigorous ones in proportion. Always use a knife for pruning the trees, and not a pair of garden shears, as is generally practised.'

As connected with the subject, we add the method of destroying the caterpillar:—

'The most formidable of this species are those which attack gooseberry and currant trees. The following is the practice I have adopted for many years, with very great success, upon trees of those kinds under my care.

'During the winter season, the eggs of the insects are deposited in crevices and joints of the tree, also in the ground. It is whilst they are in this state that my applications are directed. As soon as the pruning of the trees is completed, I have all the refuse shoots, &c. raked clean away and burnt: the trees are then washed over with the following mixture. A good portion of quick lime is put into a tub with some water. In three or four days afterwards, this is sprinkled over the trees. When it is taken out of the tub, it is well stirred up, so that a portion of the lime is taken with the water. Immediately after this has been done, a quantity of powdered quick lime is cast in amongst the branches.—Instead of this, the trees may be washed with the following composition: to twelve gallons of water, add half a pound of tobacco and six

ounces of black pepper; these must be boiled together for half an hour, and when cold, be used.

'At the following spring, just before the trees come into bloom, I have all the trees sprinkled over with lime water, and whilst in a wet state, I have a quantity of fine powdered quick lime thrown amongst them, taking care to apply it at the under side of the foliage, and that no part of the trees is omitted. Also, a little quick lime is spread over the roots of the tree, or some of the mixture as directed in the treatment of the American bug. Soon after the berries are set, I smoke the trees well by burning some moist straw near them, taking the advantage of a favourable day, so that the smoke will be conveyed to the trees. If the practice here laid down be fully attended to, it will be very rare that the trees will be attacked later in the season; providing that there are no other trees in the neighbourhood, which are omitted. For when this is the case, the flies, during summer, will very probably visit the trees that have been treated as directed, and a numerous progeny will be the consequence. When this occurs, let the trees be looked over immediately after it is discovered that the insects have begun their depredations, and all that can be found, be picked off. This is readily done, and is very effectual. If the insects increase very rapidly, let the trees be sprinkled over with lime water and powdered quick lime, as directed to be used in spring, also some lime be spread over the roots.'

We now commit Mr. Harrison's work to the care of those to whom it more immediately belongs—the gardeners of England, many of whom, we are assured, will thank us for pointing it out to their notice; nor shall we be either surprised or offended, if they manifest their gratitude, by giving the editor of *The Literary Chronicle* the entré into all the gardens or orchards, &c. under their care, in his majesty's dominions.

The last Days of Spain: or, an Historical Sketch of the Measures taken by the Continental Powers, in order to destroy the Spanish Constitution. By an EYE-WITNESS. 8vo. pp. 56. London, 1823.

THERE is nothing in this pamphlet that positively indicates the participation of the author in the events he describes, yet he appears to have been behind the curtain, and is evidently very well acquainted with the subject, his sketch bearing the stamp of truth and fidelity. He traces the opposition of the European courts to the constitutional government of Spain, to the first moment of its being established, when the Count d'Artois, by his intrigues in the Pavillon Marsan, excited the ambassadors of the other European powers, (Great Britain excepted) to hostility

against it. The author blames the Spanish ministers for checking the spirit of enthusiasm which pervaded Madrid, when Riego entered the capital in 1820, and for disbanding the army of La Isla, 'the only military corps in Spain that deserved the name of an army,' the rest of the forces being a prey to the greatest disorder. Scarcely had this fatal measure been taken, when were seen to appear, in Castile and in the North of Spain, the first 'Bands of the Faith.' The intrigues of Count Torreno and Martinez de la Rosa, the plot for a counter-revolution, in which Elio was to place himself at the head in Valencia, and the appointment of General Morillo, as Governor of Madrid, next followed:—

'At last, the moment arrived to throw off the mask. On the first of July, the king was to go and prorogue the Cortes in person. On his return from this ceremony, the battalions of the guard, which were on duty at the palace, cheered him with loud cries of "*Long live our absolute Monarch—down with the Constitution.*" The people loudly expressed their dissatisfaction at these criminal salutations; the guards immediately fired on the assembled multitude. A lieutenant of the guard, the brave Landabura, highly esteemed for his liberal sentiments, who was desirous of restraining the impetuosity of his troop, was assassinated by his own men, in the palace court. Confusion was now at its height; the battalions of the palace openly declared themselves; they closed the gates of the royal residence, and shut themselves in with the king and his family. The rest of the garrison, and the national guards, were put under arms, to defend the public liberties which were in such imminent danger; the patriots of the city rushed to arms; the eminent conspirators took refuge in the palace; and on this day the ministers, far from taking some vigorous measure requisite in the present circumstances, continued going to the palace, which was the focus of rebellion, to expedite their affairs, as they would have done in times of the greatest tranquillity. General Morillo was nominated commander of the royal guard; so that, being at once commander of the garrison and of the national guard, he was actually at the head of two armies hostile to each other.

'The other battalions of the guard, that had remained stationary at their posts, neither joined the garrison, nor their comrades of the palace. During the whole of this and the following day, they gave striking proofs of insubordination and revolt. They drew out lists of the officers of their corps, whose sentiments were in opposition to their own, and whom they intended to massacre that very day; on the approach of evening, at the usual hour of inspection, they took up their arms, and under the orders of those officers who were in the plot, went to station themselves at Pardo, a small village within two leagues of Madrid, where they

destroyed the Constitutional emblems, and proclaimed the king absolute monarch.

'During the five following days, Madrid presented an extraordinary spectacle in the history of nations. The king, blockaded in his palace, and surrounded by drunken military, who spurned at all lawful subordination; the palace itself besieged by the Constitutional army, and the patriots who had taken to arms; the ministers going backwards and forwards to the palace, as in ordinary times; Morillo giving orders, as chief commander, at one time to the legitimate troops, at another, to the rebellious soldiers; the conspirators of the palace preparing for the solemnity of the installation of the absolute monarch, and making out a list of the Constitutionalists that were to be immediately condemned to execution;—such was the condition of the capital.

'Here mention must be made of some circumstances which added to the singularity of this situation. The rebel chiefs of Pardo occasionally sent deputies to the government, and the permanent sessions of the Cortes, who received them as ambassadors from a foreign power. At the same time, Morillo paralyzed, with astonishing address, all the measures taken by the patriots to put an end to so many calamities. He would not even allow a single patrol, guard, or sentinel, to be placed at the gates of the city, which should have been considered as besieged by a hostile army. Thus the friends of liberty were entirely ignorant of the operations of their enemies.

'During the night of the 6th and 7th, the rebels made an attack upon the capital. Two patriotic individuals brought intelligence of the circumstance to Morillo; the latter flew into a violent passion when he had heard them: "I will instantly," said he, "send you to prison; you are jacobins; you are disturbers of the public peace; you are spreading false reports, for the purpose of exciting civil commotion, and inducing us to slaughter each other." Scarcely had he pronounced these words when some shots of musketry were heard, which proceeded from the assailers and assailed. Some bands of the rebels attacked with fury the Constitutional troops; the latter defended themselves, and fought with noble spirit. The national guard of Madrid gained immortal glory; this body of troops, was, for the most part, composed of grandees of Spain, noblemen, public characters, tradesmen, and others, accustomed to a sedentary and quiet life. Their courage, discipline, and coolness, equalled those displayed by the best troops of the line. After a few hours, the rebels were repulsed on all sides with considerable loss; they left the streets of Madrid, strewn with dead bodies. Those who escaped death took refuge in the palace, with the other revolted battalions who had not quitted their post. It would be impossible to describe the despair of those who were at the palace, and who fully relied on certain triumph. The king alone was almost indifferent; when news was brought him that his guards were cut off, he uttered these words, which strongly mark his cha-

racter: "Ma foi, qu'ils prennent patience; pour moi, cela m'est presque égal. J'étois roi constitutionnel—Je reste roi constitutionnel."

The ministers during the course of this night, experienced a very convincing proof of the treachery of that party which they had abetted and encouraged. Towards evening they were all at the palace in their respective offices; on receiving the first account of the attack, they wished to retire to their homes, but were stopped by the sentinels at the palace gate. Having called the officer upon duty, to obtain an explanation of this strange conduct towards them, he replied, that he had received orders not to suffer them to leave the palace, and that they were to consider themselves as prisoners or as hostages. They sent a deputation to the king, who returned them word, that it was no business of his. They consequently were obliged to trace their steps back to the foreign office, and on their way were insulted by the soldiers of the guard and the domestics of the palace. M. Martinez de la Rosa, who, as well as the rest, had not supped, and who had a very delicate state of health, was taken ill several times during the night. A friend of his went to request a bason of soup for him from the kitchen of the palace; this was refused him, and the refusal accompanied with the most insulting language. The rebels afterward declared, that if they had overcome, the ministers should have been led from the palace to the scaffold.

The morning of the 7th was spent in inactive surmises of astonishment and surprise. The public opinion knew not how to fix on the real causes of the events of the preceding night. In the mean time, the ardour of the Constitutionals did not abate; they perceived, with the strongest indignation, that the assassins of their countrymen had found refuge in the king's habitation, and that this monarch took a delight in being surrounded by rebels and plunderers. It was impossible to contain the exasperation of the patriots; at three o'clock in the afternoon they attacked the guards of the palace. The latter, seeing themselves closely pressed, escaped through a private passage; but when they gained the open country, the national guards fell upon them, and killed or took them prisoners. The triumph was now complete, and the king received, with a smiling countenance, the congratulations addressed to him for his happy deliverance, by the constituted authorities and the public dignitaries.

The author then traces the progress of events to the last days of Spain; he gives a good but severe character of Count d'Abisbal, who paved the way to treachery in the Spanish campaign, and received fifty thousand piastres as the price of his treason. Morillo, whose fidelity was always more than doubtful, and Ballasteros, whose conduct is involved in mystery, next betrayed the cause of Spain, and gave to the French

troops a barren because unconquered triumph. The writer of this sketch, whom we suspect to be one of the Spanish exiles, says:—

The period has not yet arrived to ascertain the share that corruption exercised in the fall of Cadiz, a city which was enabled to resist, for several years, a formidable army of warlike troops; but it is known for a fact, that Mr. Belin, clerk to a noted Jew banker of London, established himself at Seville, where he had received several millions from that firm which has performed so active a part in political transactions.

We have devoted more space to this pamphlet than we usually allow to such works, but as it gives an able and condensed view of the events in three important years of Spanish history, we deemed it worthy of a somewhat extended notice.

Charlton; or, Scenes in the North of Ireland: a Tale. By JOHN GAMBLE, Esq. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1823.

MR. GAMBLE is the author of an octavo volume, entitled 'Sketches in Ireland;' and of two novels, 'Sarsfield,' and 'Howard,' neither of which we confess to have seen, but have heard them favorably spoken of. 'Charlton' is a mountain tale, 'the characters are all natives of the mountains, nor does the scene ever shift from among them.' The period of the story is the late rebellion,—'a period,' says the author in his preface, 'of such horror, in many parts of Ireland, as, perhaps, to make it an unfit subject for a tale; yet, happily, a variety of circumstances combined to make it often a scene of wonder, sometimes of admiration, and always one of interest.' We are fully of opinion with the author, that the period he has chosen is unfit, not only because the events are of too horrible a character to be revived, even in a work of fiction, but because they are too recent, and the causes which gave rise to them and the feelings that were manifested still prevail to a considerable extent in Ireland.

It is not more than two or three months ago, that a morning paper, which had sent a large French fleet to the West Indies and fitted out another at Brest, endeavoured to excite an alarm that, if Ireland should be invaded, the country would be lost to the British monarch. We are aware, that this was a gross and a wanton libel on the loyalty of Ireland, where a strong attachment to the sovereign and the government exists; but the factions in the sister isle are not entirely subdued, and we should not use dangerous weapons, even in jest.

Mr. Gamble's novel, too, is inter-

persed with several of the national songs, which were sung during the rebellion: some of these are republican, and evidently aimed at a separation from this country. These songs certainly do not possess much merit, but are worth preserving, because the history and feelings of a people may be found in their ballads, yet we object to the time; here, however, our objections end, with the exception of a protest against the way in which the suicide of one of the characters in the novel, and that a clergyman too, is glózed over if not vindicated.

As exhibiting a well-drawn picture of a people whose character is little known, (the northern Irish) Mr. Gamble's work possesses considerable interest, and although the story is not very complete, yet several of the incidents are striking, and many of the scenes of humble life in the Irish highlands are sketched with an able pen. The characters in the novel are not numerous, but they are well sustained, and the adventures of the hero Charlton, who is involved in the rebellion and passes through it unscathed, are interesting. Another personage, Mr. Dimond, plays an important part in the story, until, failing in the project of erecting Ireland into a republic, he steals out of the world by self murder. Several of the subordinate characters, particularly that of a little printer, Cooper, are well sketched. As a specimen of Mr. Gamble's style, we select one of Charlton's adventures:—

'He stopped early in the evening at a small town, or rather a village, thankful that he had got thus far forward without molestation.

'He had scarcely indeed seen a human being during the whole day, and fields and roads seemed nearly alike deserted. The few labourers he had passed wrought with real or affected earnestness, and neither spoke nor hardly raised their heads to look on him.

"Here is indeed a change," said he, "and an ominous one; when my country people cease talking, they must indeed have weighty matters in their heads. Those whose fortune it is to travel this way to-morrow, or the next day, will not, I fancy, pass as quietly as I have done."

'Having taken a dinner of eggs, butter, and cream (for the flesh meat of an Irish country inn is not made more inviting by the manner of its cookery), he, for want of something better to do, strolled down the village. Gladly would he have asked for a book, but dared not, lest it should be regarded as a sign of disaffection. The boast of ignorance was nearly as great in those days with many an Irish aristocrat, as it had been in days of yore with a German baron; and to say of any one, particularly if he was a Presbyterian, or wore his hair

short, that he was a reading man, was little better than saying, that he was one of the wicked.

"Our youth followed a path at venture, which gradually led him to the end of all paths—the church-yard. It was romantically situated on an eminence, and was one of those stations called Danish forts, from which, in ancient times, by means of fire, intelligence could be conveyed with the rapidity of the telegraph from one end of the kingdom to the other.

"They are green mounds of earth, surrounded by a ditch and planted with trees. The superstition of the vulgar happily conceives them sacred; they are, therefore, never touched by the plough or the spade. Independently of all associations, they are delightful ornaments, particularly in summer, in the midst of corn-fields. Many grand and venerable remains of antiquity have come safe to us from the wreck of ages, but few more beautiful or romantic.

"They are very gentle places, for—

"—here

At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various games of revelry to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell."

"The one I am writing of, had a still further claim on the imagination; for, by some means or other, it was, as I have said, become a burial-ground. Charlton clambered over the ditch, and sauntered about, gazing on the tomb-stones, and deciphering their mouldering inscriptions, until he came to a spot where two men were engaged in digging a grave. Like his brother, in Hamlet, he, who seemed the head grave-digger, sang as he dug. There could be no mistaking to which party in the state he belonged, for his song was the well-known one in Ireland, called the Boyne Water."

"Custom," said our youth, as he walked about meditating on the odd nature of man, and the facility with which he accommodates himself almost to every situation, "custom has made it in him a property of easiness; the hand of little employment has the daintier sense!"

"The grave-digger, who had sat down a few moments to rest himself, now resumed his song and his spade; and our youth was again silent."

"Who is it," resumed our youth, still speaking by the card, "that builds stronger than the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?—It is the grave-digger; the houses that he makes last till doomsday; and yet that fellow, with his feet in one of them, trolls away as unconcerned at his ditty of discord, as if he were to live for ever! I say, my friend," continued he aloud, "cannot you let politics alone even for an hour?—The grave is surely a bad place to sing party songs in. We have trouble enough in the world, and should at least have quietness there."

"Should we so, neighbour," said the leading grave-digger; "by gough then, and its more than some people, may be, deserve; but I hope my head mayn't be laid where my feet now stand, till many a cropy head"

(darting a very inauspicious look at our youth's) "be laid there afore me."

"All are not croppies who wear short hair," said Charlton, unwilling to provoke an antagonist, who, with his spade in his hand, stood the very emblem of death; and who could, besides, have given him a further turn of his trade, and have buried him; "I need not tell so judicious a person as you appear to be, we are not always what we seem; and you, though you wear that bonnet of liberty, vulgarly called a red night-cap, on your head, are, I will be bound for it, a staunch loyal man."

"And the devil thank me for it," replied the man of the grave. "Wer'nt all my fore bearers loyal men, and did'nt me and mine stick to that church there, these hundred years, aye, these hundred and fifty, by gone; and do ye think a would go and turn tail upon it, now that it is in trouble!"

"I do not think that you would, honourable men, as you; and your partner there appear to be; but, where is this invisible church that you talk about, and that you and your fore bearers have stuck to so long? I look all around me, but see neither the church nor the steeple."

"Look there then," said the grave-digger, taking him a few paces forward, and shewing him a neat little miniature church under the declivity of the hill;—"Musha, long life to you my darling, sitting so snug, and so easy there, under your green forth (fort), and with your bonny holly-bush afore ye in front!—May neither Papist nor Presbyterian, a pray God, have power to hurt or harm ye, in the bloody days that are a coming?"

"I am Presbyterian," said Charlton, "but would not hurt or harm your darling church or its holly-bush, for the universe; nor will the days that are a coming be so bloody, I trust, as you imagine."

"Well deed they will," replied the grave-digger, who had now finished his task, and was resting on his spade; "man may err, but prophecy canna lie, and it was ayways said,—keep us and preserve us!—that the bloody times were at hand, when the church yard would be higher than the church-steeple."

"The church-yard is higher than the church certainly," said Charlton, "and that I own is singular enough; but, how can it be said to be higher than the steeple, when there is no steeple at all?"

"And this is true, too," said the ingenuous grave-digger, "and it's natural enough for you thit are a stranger like, to say so; but if there is none now, there was a steeple, man, and a big one too, thit stood up like the main-mast o' a man-o'-war, among the branches yonder, until it was blown down in the big storm afore Christmas, and nothing was left standing but that wee bit o' the belfry, jist to let the bell ring, and make the prophecy chime like."

"The procession accompanying the occupant, as he was so shortly to be, of the grave over which they were conversing, was now seen approaching; and the grave-digger proceeded to sound his lugubrious bell,

which sent forth its wailing notes, as if mourning over the evil destinies, the idle hopes, and disappointed expectations of man!

"To our youth it sent forth a different note; and as he surveyed the long procession, as it wound up the steep bank, and gazed on the setting sun and evening sky, the precipitous church-yard, green in verdure and fragrant in flowers, though they were but wild, seemed to him as if it were no longer an earthly hillock, but one of those delectable mountains from which the good shepherds showed Christian afar off the celestial city."

The History and Antiquities of the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster. Illustrated by J. PRESTON NEALE, &c.

(Concluded from p. 741.)

So convinced are we of our inability to do justice to this work, by a critical notice of the literary department of it, that, had we not promised a continuation, we should have given our further observations under the head of the Fine Arts. We have already stated the care, accuracy, and research, with which Mr. Brayley has executed the task assigned to him; he has brushed the cobwebs from every monument in the Abbey, and the dust from many a goodly tome, which had remained long undisturbed; and the materials he has collected have been well arranged and methodized: hence he has produced a history of Westminster Abbey, worthy of the splendid, we had almost said matchless engravings, with which Mr. Neale has illustrated this venerable pile. Avoiding, however, all attempts at a connected history of the Abbey, we shall quote a few interesting passages. The shrine of Edward the Confessor stands nearly in the middle of his chapel, and was long the scene of royal devotions.

"When the choir and eastern division of the Abbey church had been sufficiently completed by Henry the Third, to admit of the celebration of divine service; that sovereign, "being grieved," according to Wykes, "that the reliques of St. Edward were poorly enshrined and not elevated, resolved, that so great a luminary should not be buried, but be placed high, as on a candlestick, to enlighten the church." He, therefore, gave orders for its re-translation unto the new shrine in this chapel; and in the sight of all the principal nobility and gentry of the land, who were assembled here; he, and his brother Richard, the King of the Romans, carried the chest containing St. Edward's remains, upon their shoulders, to the new shrine wherein it was deposited with vast ceremony and exultation. The Princes Edward and Edmund, together with the Earl of Warren, the Lord Phillip Basset, and others of the nobility, assisted to support the chest; and we are informed, by Mat-

threw of Westminster, that, on seeing it exalted, the devils were instantly cast out of two possessed persons, who had come purposely (the one from Ireland, the other from Winchester,) to receive benefit on the day of St. Edward's removal! After the ceremony of the translation was concluded, King Henry gave a magnificent feast to all ranks of the assembled multitude; and it appears, from the annals of the church of Winchester, in regard to their respective right of presenting the cups to the king, and serving him with viands, that Henry was afraid to settle the controversy, and was obliged, on this occasion, to depart from the usual custom of wearing the crown.

The anniversary of St. Edward's translation, on the 13th of October, was, for nearly three centuries, celebrated, with great solemnity and splendour, on this days:—

'The principal citizens of London, in their corporate capacity, were accustomed to visit his shrine; and, at the same time, grand processions with waxen tapers were made to it, by all the religious communities of the metropolis. The splendours of the festival were frequently heightened by the presence of the sovereign and his court; and we are informed that, in the year 1390, Richard the Second and his queen sat crowned in this church with their sceptres in their hands, during the celebration of mass on this anniversary.'

Abbot Ware's Mosaic pavement has always been considered as one of the most interesting works of the kind existing at present, notwithstanding its mutilated state. It consists of a border of circles and parallelograms, the former intersecting each other, and inclosing a large square, placed diagonally, containing a central and four other circles, intersected as before, and having four larger circles without. The materials of the pavement are porphyry, lapis lazuli, jasper, alabaster, serpentine marbles, and touchstone. The almost innumerable pieces which compose this ingenious specimen of laborious art are of different sizes; many of them are scarcely half an inch in extent, and the largest are not more than four inches, with the exception of the porphyry planes which form the principal centres, and a few other pieces. Leaving all further observations on this work to our notice of its graphic embellishments, we shall quote, in conclusion, the general admeasurement of the Abbey Church:—

'Interior.—Length of the nave, 166 feet; breadth of ditto, 38 feet 7 inches; height of ditto, 101 feet 8 inches; breadth of the aisles, 16 feet 7 inches; extreme breadth of the nave and aisles, 71 feet 9 inches. Length of the choir, 155 feet 9 inches; extreme breadth of ditto, 38 feet 4 inches; height of ditto, 102 feet 2 inches. Extreme length

of the transept, including the choir, 203 feet 2 inches; length of each transept, 82 feet 5 inches; entire breadth of ditto, including the aisles, 84 feet 8 inches; breadth of the body of each transept, 39 feet; ditto of the aisles, 22 feet 10 inches; height of the south transept, 105 feet 5 inches. Extreme length from the west door to the piers of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, 383 feet, ditto, including Henry the Seventh's Chapel, 511 feet 6 inches.

'Exterior:—Extreme length, 416 feet; ditto, including Henry the Seventh's Chapel, 530 feet. Height of the western towers, to the top of the pinnacles, 225 feet four inches.'

The Spae-Wife. A Tale of the Scottish Chronicles. By the Author of 'Ringan Gilhaize,' &c.

(Concluded from p. 788.)

THE copious extracts we have given of this novel and the outline of the story must have made its merits nearly as well known to our readers as we can make them; a few observations will not, however, be out of place. In quitting that peculiar walk in fiction, which the author was acknowledged so exclusively to possess that no person even offered to trespass upon it, and venturing upon new ground where the field has been so long occupied by a writer of such high reputation and talent, Mr. Galt has certainly manifested a just consciousness of his own powers, and proved that they are more various and more powerful than he would have had the credit for. 'Ringan Gilhaize' gave evidence that he well knew how to blend the events of history with the reveries of fiction, and in the 'Spaewife' he has been still more successful.

In his preceding novels the author has neither been so attentive to his story as could have been wished, nor rendered his incidents so effective as they might have been; in the 'Spaewife' no such objections can be made; the story is clear and distinct, all the characters have a varied connection, more or less intimate with the main story, and we are not led, as is the case with too many novels, to pursue an adventurer or a pair of lovers through two or three chapters, and then to find that we have been following an *ignis fatuus* which had diverted us from the main road, to which we ought to have kept. In the 'Spaewife' there is certainly what may be called an under plot, in the love adventures of Lady Sibilla and Lord James Stuart, but those very adventures, as well as the individuals themselves, are so judiciously combined with the main story that they contribute to its interest.

In the characters, the author has, in

some instances, but filled up the outline of history, to which they may be said to bear the same relation that a bust does to a portrait, or a finished portrait to a profile. The character of Sir Robert Græme, a bold-faced villain, is powerfully drawn, and those of the King and Athol also own a master's hand; these are finally contrasted with the gentle-spirited Sibilla and the amiable but high-spirited Duchess of Albany. The character of Bishop Finlay is also well sketched, and that of the Laird of Glenfruin is highly amusing, and, we doubt not, correct; but the most interesting personage is Anniple of Dunblane, the 'ta'en away,'—a mysterious being who seems to be the connecting link between two worlds and to belong to neither. Characters of this sort have been frequently attempted, but rarely with success; indeed none, perhaps, are more difficult, for the author has to avoid insipidity and extravagance; and though the being he creates may have much of the supernatural about her, yet she must have sufficient of human nature for us to admit that she may be an inhabitant of this lower world.

The following scene, which exhibits much of the varied talent of the author, occurred on the embarkation of the king on his last fatal visit to Perth.

'The king and the queen, and their lords and ladies, having departed with all befitting pomp and pageantry from the abbey of the Holyrood at Edinburgh, came in due time to the South Ferry, where many boats, barges, and mariners, were convened to carry them across the Forth. And it happened, while they were standing on the shore, in the bustle and controversy of embarkation—the gallants talking loudly—the gentlewomen fearful—and the mariners and servitors making a great noise with much loquacity, that Anniple of Dunblane was seen coming rushing wildly down the hill—her dishevelled hair and tattered mantle fluttering and streaming behind—her arms outspread, and in her right hand the uncouth sapling which served her for a staff, making altogether the apparition of a creature rather of some fantastical element, than of the solidity of this world.

'The young and the light-headed, who saw her first, began to laugh at so strange an advent, wondering and marvelling by what insane rapture she was so driven and borne; but as she drew near, every one became silent; for without heed or hinderance of any impediment, she came on like an arrow from a bow towards the king; and so very oraculous was her whole air, gesture, and delirious straight-forwardness, that those who should have stood between her and his majesty recoiled backward to the right and to the left, and stood aghast and subdued,

as if he had been indeed some messenger of dooms and destinies.

"When she was come close to the king, she fell on her knees, and took hold of him by the surcoat, panting and breathless; being, by reason of her headlong haste, unable to speak. His majesty, seeing the condition in which she was, moved not from her hold, but waited compassionately till she had utterance, when he said to her familiarly—

"What wouldst thou with me? What tidings have caused thee to come with such speed, that it would seem as if thou hadst almost left thy breath behind?"

"To this, however, she made no prompt answer; but, after a time, rising from her kneeling, she looked fearfully around, as if in quest of some person that she thought was present; and then she suddenly pointed to the barge prepared for the king and queen, and said,—“I thought it was here, but it's yonder, yonder!”

"What didst thou think was here?" said his majesty curiously, and somewhat awed by the air of visionary horror with which she gazed towards the boat.

"Yon, yon," was her answer, stretching forward her hand and keeping her eye fixed upon the thing which she saw. Then she added, still gazing earnestly and awfully.—“See you it not? a man in a winding-sheet with eight-and-twenty stains of blood, and he has a black banner in his hand. He's no meet company for a king; I redde you no to gang in the boat with him.”

"It is the same woman," said his majesty to the earl of Athol, who stood behind him, anxious to avoid the eye of Anniple; and he added, addressing himself to her,

"But what wouldst thou by eight-and-twenty wounds?"

Instead, however, of making him any answer, she turned quickly round, and fixing her eye on the earl, cried—

"Lord Athol, wha's that beside you?"

The earl grew pale, and looked to the right and to the left, and was much confused, for every eye was directed towards him.

"I see no one nearer than myself," said the king.

"But I see another," replied Anniple—“a king too—an auld, auld, auld ane—

His face is wrinkled, his eyne are young,

And he licks his lips wi' a lying tongue.

Do ye no see him there, at the earl's right side? In his hand he has a chain, and that chain fastened deep, deep in the earl's heart. My lord, ye're his—when he gets the right hand side and the left-hand grip—

"There's no a power by land nor by sea, Nor a saint aboon that can set you free— Ye may count your beads and sign the cross, But your gold for masses as well might be dross:

What ye pray for ye'll get—Ah! mair's the loss,—

And ye'll thank for dule and a blessing that's boss—

So away wi' him ye maun gang, O."

The king, notwithstanding the awe and dread with which this rhapsody visibly affected the earl, smiled and said to him,—

"This is worse than my eight-and-

twenty wounds." But his levity was in a moment checked by the utterance of a wild and frightful scream from the rapt and frantic creature.

"How now, Anniple," said Stuart, "what see you now?"

She made him, however, no answer, but going up to the Lady Catharine Douglas, who was standing between the queen and the lady Sibilla, she touched her on the right hand.

"What is this for?" said that lady, who had observed with much wonderment the whole scene.

"Nothing, nothing," replied Anniple, "I saw nothing—but, bonny as ye be, ye'll be married with the left hand."

"That is to tell me," said the Lady Catherine, endeavouring to laugh, "I shall not be married at all."

"And have you nothing to spae to me?" cried the Lady Sibilla, in a still gayer tone, to remove the solemnity which the prophetic phantasies of Anniple had very plainly bred in the bosom of her royal mistress. It had, however, been well for her that she had said nothing; for Anniple took hold of her right hand with her left, and holding up her own right hand between her and the Lady Sibilla, as if to screen her eyes from a dazzling splendour, she looked at her for some time, and then dropped her hand and turned away.

"You tell me nothing," said the Lady Sibilla.

"Do you wish that I would?" replied Anniple sharply, and with a look that covered the face and bosom of the lady with the crimson of a blush.

By this time the boats and barges were prepared, and the king and queen were on the point of going to the shore to embark, when Anniple again seized him by the skirts.

"Let the poor woman be taken hence," said the king. "Stuart, pray see that she is conveyed to some meet place."

In saying this, his majesty endeavoured to disengage his surcoat from her grip, but she clung to it, crying—

"I'm a leal subject, and I'll no part wi' you. The yett's barred, if ye cross that water: once o'er, and there's nae coming back."

Stuart, at this, came forward and seized her roughly by the arm to draw her away, but the king chided him for being so rude.

"Harm her not," said he, "it is but an innocent phrenzy."

His majesty then took hold of her by the arm, and said to her smilingly—

"I pray thee, let me go,—it is not wise of one with such wisdom as thine to hold me here in this condition,—do,—take thy hand away, the tide and the wind now serve, and we shall lose the favour of both, if I must longer abide thy pleasure. It were kind, and as a loving subject to let me go."

"I would be as false as,"—she cried, looking wildly round,—"as Lord Athol there, were I to let you go."

"She bears the earl no good will," said the Lady Catherine Douglas.

"And what for should she?" exclaimed Anniple, heedlessly dropping the king's skirt, and going erectly towards that lady, who shrunk away at her coming.

"And what's in Lord Athol, that I should bear him good-will? A fozy heart, and a cheatrie man; though I travelled three times three, and thrice that of weary miles, to spae that he was to be a crowned king, he grudged to pay me the courtesie of a meet largess."

The king laughed lightly at this speech; and said to the earl, moving, with the queen leaning on his arm, towards the shore, "I no longer marvel that she bodes such ill to you. Gifts were always thought requisite to propitiate the oracles. I pray you, bespeak a better prediction."

The earl, who had all this time stood in trouble and perplexity, scarcely witting what he did, pulled his purse from his girdle, and taking from it several pieces of silver, threw them towards her; the which moved the king's mirth still more, and he looked round to Anniple, as she hastily gathered the money from the ground, saying, "But I know not wherefore it is that thou hast been so cruel in thy prophecy to me, as to deal me no less than eight-and-twenty wounds,—what shall I give thee to spae me a happier destiny?"

Anniple looked up, and smiling, said, "Nothing to me, but gi'e a crown to your son."

The king was observed to start at this; and the Earl of Athol and Stuart exchanged looks of alarm and anxiety. The queen, who had all the while witnessed, with a cold and thrilling terror, what was passing, dropped her hold of the king's arm, and returning back two paces towards Anniple, said,—

"I beseech thee to be plain with me; and say what it is that moves thee to speak in this mysterious manner, as if thou wast privy to some coming sorrow."

Anniple at first looked as she would have answered; but suddenly she waved her hand, as if to bid her majesty not inquire; and turning round towards Stuart, cast her eyes wildly for a moment upon him, and then began to laugh with so frightful a vehemence, intermingled, as it were, with yells and howls so very terrible to hear, that all present hastened towards the boats, and left her standing alone.

To this novel there is an appendix of ten historical documents, illustrative of the subject, which give it an additional value. They order these things different, though not better, in the manufactory of the 'Great Unkuown,' where what ought to be an appendix, as in the present work, is worked into a volume of six or seven shillings price. From this appendix we select an interesting description of Falkland Castle, which is the more valuable as it furnishes a commentary on one of the passages of Shakespeare.

'Falkland Castle.—The ruins of the

palace of Falkland are very little known, and yet they are, in some respects, both on account of their architectural beauty and their local history, among the most interesting in Scotland. When the palace was erected, it would now be difficult to determine, but those parts which still remain in comparative preservation, are probably as old, at least, as the time of James V.; and they are remarkable, on account of the attempt which seems to have been made in the design, to combine an architecture truly Palladian with the castellated style. There is nothing similar in England, nor, that I am aware of, in Scotland,—and they are the more worthy of consideration by the antiquarian artists, (supposing them to have been erected in the time of James V., and certainly they are not of a later date,) because they must, in that case, be considered as the earliest specimen of any attempt to introduce the classic orders of architecture into this island.

The palace of Falkland is supposed to have been erected on the site of Macduff's castle, which Macbeth surprised, when he put to death the lady and children of that chieftain; and the probability of this derives support from the circumstance of the castle of Falkland having, till the forfeiture of Duke Murdoch, been always the residence of the Earls of Fyfe. There are, however, traditions in "the kingdom," which would place the castle of Macduff near the sea, and make the popular story of that chieftain's enmity to the usurper of an earlier date than the massacre of his family, or the refusal, as Shakspeare has it, of an invitation to supper. According to Wyntoun, Macbeth having resolved to construct a fortress on the hill of Dunsinane, pressed all the teams in the neighbourhood, and having observed some oxen, the property of Macduff, to fail in their work, he threatened, despitefully, to put the Thane's own neck into the yoke.

"When the Thane, Macbeth heard speak
That he would put in yoke his neck,
Of what he thought he made no song,
But privily out of the throng,
With sleight he got,—and the spensere
A loaf him gave to his suppere.
And, as soon as he could see
His time and opportunity,
Out of the court he post, and ran,
And that loaf bore with him then
To the water of Earn. That bread
He gave the boatwards, him to had,
On the south him for to set,
Without in halt or any let."

It would seem, however, from what follows, that the castle where Macduff's lady at this time resided was that of Kennouchy or Kennoway; for, after flying from the king, Macduff went to that castle, where, having advised his wife of his intention to proceed to England to hasten the forces which were then advancing with Malcolm against the usurper, he told her to "hold Macbeth in fair treaty," till she could discover a boat sailing to the southward,—at sight of which she should inform the king that his enemy was escaped to England, but would speedily meet him in arms:—

"To Kennouchie Macbeth came soon,
And felonie great there had done;
But this lady with fair treatie
His purpose harden'd dire to be.
As soon, when she the sail up saw,
Then to Macbeth with little awe,
She said,—“Macbeth, look up and see,
Under yon sail forsooth is he,
The Thane of Fyfe, whom thou hast sought,
Trow thou well, and doubt right nought,
If ever thou see him again,
He shall thee set into great pain,
Since thou wouldst have put his neck
Into thy yoke. Now will I speak
With thee no more; fare on thy way,
Or well or ill as happen may."

It may here be remarked, that Shakspeare's story of Macbeth is, in what relates to the witches, not so poetical nor so probable as Wyntoun's, but the deviation is a singular proof of his great dramatic taste. By Wyntoun, the witches are said to have appeared in a dream. He also makes the first witch hail Macbeth Thane of Crombachty, or Cromarty, the second Thane of Moray, and the third king. How Cawdor and Glamis were substituted, it would be in vain now to conjecture; but, in a visit which I lately paid to Glamis Castle, the singular, and I would say mysterious and poetical style of the architecture, led me to suspect that it had more relation to the drama than is commonly supposed; and I was induced to fancy that the Lord of Glamis, by whom the castle was constructed in its present form, was perhaps a patron of Shakspeare, and suggested to him the subject, and furnished him with some of those local hints and national peculiarities which, without assistance from a Scotchman, and one, too, well acquainted with Angus-shire, he could not have understood to employ so well. That this Lord Glamis was a person of taste and talent, cannot be questioned. He was created Earl of Kinghorn,—and, in the attempt made by James VI. to unite the kingdoms, appointed one of the commissioners to settle the conditions. As a Scotchman, I wish it could be shown that Shakspeare was really patronised by this nobleman, especially in the sublimest of his works.

Some persons objected to the earlier novels of Mr. Galt, on account of the broad dialect which was sometimes introduced, perhaps too liberally; that objection is removed in the 'Spaewife,' for there is no part of it a southron will not understand without a glossary, though, perhaps, he may stumble once or twice at the language of the Laird of Glenfruits—but even that is sufficiently intelligible. The general style of the language will be observed from our extracts. That the novel possesses more beauties and fewer defects than any of the preceding works of the author, popular as they are, we feel convinced;—as we do, that the 'Spaewife' will be considered one of the best novels that has been produced for some time—high as novel writing ranks at the present day.

Percy Mallory. By the Author of 'Pen Owen.'

(Concluded from p. 794.)

ONE of the greatest errors into which a novel writer or a dramatist can fall is so to over burthen his story with incidents or characters as to render it very difficult to follow its course, or to ascertain the relative situations the several personages bear to each other. This is really the case with 'Percy Mallory,' the author of which evidently trusts to his tact for observation, and the facility with which he can transfer his own knowledge of the world to his pages. It is thus that he gives us not only life in town but life in the country, not however altogether so free from the vulgarities attending it as we could wish; but, although some of his scenes are too highly coloured, yet his characters are well drawn, and with such distinctness that a phrenologist would imitate every indicative hump and bump in their heads, in plaister of Paris, with no other guide than the portraits the author has given. Many of the characters are really excellently sketched, particularly old Mr. Rycott, the north country squire,—a Sir Anthony Absolute sort of a man; a couple of knavish attornies; an antiquated baronet and his lady, whose manners and mode of displaying gentility are of the middle of the last century; and several of the subordinate personages are equally characteristic. We stated, in our last, that Percy Mallory was the son of Mr. Rycott,—three or four trials, however, take place, before he is quietly allowed to be the son of his own father, as Judith Mallory claimed him as her son. The history of Percy is very long, but we must make short work of it. Like all heroes of novels, he falls in love and finds a heroine in the person of a Miss Bellenden, whose birth seems as much disputed as his own; but she is, at length, allowed to be Mr. Rycott's niece and the daughter of Lord Hawarden. After going through all the perils of love, he marries and becomes heir to her father's title, on whose death it had devolved on Mr. Rycott.

The author, by changing the scene from the town to the county, has an opportunity of giving considerable variety to the incidents he introduces, which in town are of a mixed character, though none of them in high life. Percy was accompanied to town by Blencow, a Cumberland peasant, who officiated in the double capacity of servant and confidant. The surprise, simplicity, and awkwardness of a countryman in town

are well described, and we shall quote one adventure. Percy had been dining with old Dossiter, when, on returning to his chambers in the Temple, he found Blencow with his coat half torn from his back, and a bandage over his eye,

"Why, what the deuce ails thee, Blencow?" cried Percy in astonishment.

"Oh! nothing—the porter, as they call him, at the lodge, would tie it on."

"Tie it on!—Why, what is it—and what is the meaning of it?—has any one injured you?" demanded he, starting on his legs—and forgetting his own wounds on the sensorium—in his anxiety to probe the more obvious ones on the visage of his friend.

"Nothing, nothing," continued Blencow. "I gave as much as I took—but—but—"

"But what?"

"I have lost your portfolio!"

"How—how, my good Blencow?—that is a serious loss, for it contains all the little wealth I possess in the world."

"Aye! there it is—and I have been half over this monstrous town after it, but have never got a glimpse of the gentleman since."

"What gentleman are you speaking of?"

"Why, I begin to doubt his being a gentleman—and yet I never met with such politeness in my life."

"Pray, pray, my good Blen, tell me the worst at once; something must immediately be done."

"The short and the long of it is——"

"Prithee, Blen, let me have the short of it," said Percy, smiling at such a commencement, for he had long experience of his friend's disposition to be long-winded.

"This, then, it is—that, not liking to trust your portfolio to the porters—they call every thing from their cursed liquor here, I think—for these carriers and our door-keepers are all called porters."

"Well, never mind what they are called, Blencow—you took the portfolio."

"Yes, and held it so tight under my arm, that I thought I might have defied the Devil himself to get it from me—but I was just stopping to look at Punch."

"I warned you, my good friend, against stopping to look at any thing, until you knew this town better."

"True, Con—but I forgot it, at the moment, and it was such a capital Punch, that I roared again with laughing at him."

"And, in the mean time, some thief relieved you of the portfolio?"

"No such thing—I was too sharp for him—he gave a good tug at it, that's certain, but I was as nimble as he—and I gave him, in return, such a back-hander on his chops——"

"Oh, Blencow, you have been fighting?"

"Only in self-defence—you only warned me against quarrelling."

"Those are nice points of distinction, which we cannot discuss at present—in short, you lost the parcel in the brawl?"

"No such thing—I held it, as the eagle clutches the lamb—he never would have got it from me——"

"So I might conjecture."

"And he asked me what I meant by it, and then two or three others joined him, and said I had used him ill. I told them it was the way I should use any man who attempted to rob me. Upon this they all set up a yell, and asked the man if he meant to rob that green-horn—I think it was, they called me.—He said, 'No, upon his honour!' and then they set upon me, saying, I should give him satisfaction.—As much as he pleases, cried I—and they immediately formed a ring. I cried out, 'One at a time, my merry men, if you please'—upon which they laughed, and shouted, 'Fair play—fair play; and the fellow I had struck began squaring at me. Well, one of the genteel men I ever saw, just such another as yourself, stepped forward, and stooped my hero as he aimed a blow at me—and asked him if he was such a coward, as to attack a man who hadn't the use of his arms—for he saw that I held the portfolio close and tight under my left arm. I thought they would have fallen upon him for his pains, but no—turning to me, he said, in the politest way, 'I see, sir, you are a stranger?'—'Yes,' I answered; 'I have not been four-and-twenty hours in this vile place.'—'I will be your friend, and see you righted—the fellow'—said he to me in a half whisper—'is a black-guard, and is evidently surrounded by his bul- lies—but an English mob will never see you injured—a few strait blows, well laid in, by such an arm as yours, fresh from the country, will settle his business. I will hold your letter-case, and see that no advantage is taken of you.'—By this time my man and his backers had almost pushed us down, when, giving my treasure into the hands of the gentleman, he called aloud, 'Now come on, you pitiful fellows, and see what my friend can do, now that his hands are at liberty;' and to it we went sure enough, and I should have finished my man in two rounds, if, just as I had bunged up an eye, and was following it up with my left hand, some one had not tripped me up and laid me open to a blow, which returned the compliment in kind, and laid me sprawling."

"But the portfolio?" demanded Percy, whose patience was nearly exhausted in the detail.

"That I never beheld more—nor the gentleman who took the charge of it—and I was no less surprised at my opponent yielding the victory to me at the very moment, when he appeared to have it in his own hands—than to find, that not a single being to whom I applied knew any thing of the gentleman."

The great merit of 'Percy Mallory' is, that though, as a whole, it is not a good story, yet each page brings its own interest and leads the reader forward without wearying him, so that he finds, at the end, that he has been very agreeably entertained, almost without knowing by what means it has been effected. In future, however, we would advise the author to avoid vulgarity, and leave slang to prize-fighters and pick-pockets.

The Ionian; or, Woman in the Nineteenth Century. By SARAH RENOU, Author of 'Village Conversations,' &c. 3 vols. 8vo. 1823.

IF Miss Renou is not one of the most elegant or most skilful novel-writers, she is at least one of the most moral. Her object is evidently to make mankind better, as well as wiser, and her enthusiasm for her own sex ought not to lessen her in the estimation of the lords of the creation, even although she does wish that woman should assume a higher station in the moral and intellectual world than she at present holds. Miss Renou is of opinion, that 'the virtues which diffuse domestic felicity would also expand into heroism, under the influence of particular circumstances.' Such circumstances occur to the Ionian, and she exemplifies all the author asserts.

A Week's Amusement. Translated from the French of Maria Louisa Nicloux. By Adolphus William Barnes. 12mo. London, 1823.

THIS little work is intended for the youthful generation, who, at this season of the year, look for presents. Though with very humble claims to literary merit, it is a book which may be safely put into the hands of youth of both sexes.

Limbird's British Novelist. Part I. The Vicar of Wakefield. By DR. GOLDSMITH. 8vo. pp. 75.

Limbird's British Classics. The Essays of DR. GOLDSMITH. 8vo. pp. 52.

IF the present system of publishing continues, and there seems no doubt but it will, the public will never create an O. P. row for books, whatever they may do at the theatre. We have here the whole of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' embellished with four engravings on wood, and a portrait of the author on copper, together with an original memoir of his life—and all this for ten-pence: and the whole of 'Goldsmith's Essays,' with engravings, for eight-pence. Both works are neatly printed in double columns, and are got up in a style which would have been thought creditable had they been charged double the price. No person need now be without the British standard works, since Limbird's edition is attainable by the humblest classes of society.

Falcaro; or, the Neapolitan Libertine. A Poem. 8vo. pp. 56. London, 1823.

THE author of this poem, imitates *Beppo*,—dedicates his work to Lord Byron,—and very confidently asserts, that 'Falcaro' will obtain a temporary celebrity, and 'incur' his lordship's genuine and efficient approbation. He avows himself 'a member of the Satanic School;' and if its leaders recognize his claim we shall not dispute it; since whatever may be his talents he manifests zeal enough to gain such a distinction.

Original.

LONDON BOOKSELLERS IN 1823.

IN this vast and trading metropolis, there is no trade more interesting to the thoughtful or fanciful Rambler, nor more respectable as a body, than that of the booksellers. As you stroll along the streets, your eye is continually caught by those delectable words to bookworms—'Just Published,' appended to some new Scotch novel, a poem of Lord Byron's, (no, that is delectable no longer, he breeds too fast,) or something interesting, either as to the manner or nature of the publication. Nor is this all; the eye is at the same time feasted with many exquisite specimens of the graphic art; thus then, of all others, a bookseller's window is the most pleasing treat to a literary Rambler, amongst the many elegant shew windows which decorate the 'highways and byways' of London.

The whimsicality of some surnames, the connexion of others with the trades exercised by the persons bearing them, and the puns excited by another class, are not new subjects; but I am not aware that I have been anticipated in some queer thoughts, which have occurred to me in my recent rambles about town, relative to the names of some of our present race of London booksellers. For instance, it might be said that some of them had no right to be placed in the metropolis at all, appertaining, as by name they seem to do, to the country: such are Messrs. *Richmond*, *Barnes*, *Westmorland*, *Holloway*, *Carlisle*, *Birmingham*, *Hayes*, *Bridgewater*, *Chester*, *Ware*, and *Winchester*.

The fraternity seem also to have allowed a few other trades to creep in among them; for they have a *Baker*, a *Carpenter*, a *Dyer*, a *Miller*, several *Tailors* and *Smiths*, a *Tyler*, and a *Mason*. They have also one *Arch* fellow, two *Andrews*, and a *Merriman*; and there is one *Boosey* bookseller, who, for any thing I know to the contrary, is the soberest man alive. Numerous as they are, and living as they all do in the very heart of England, I am not aware that they have more than one *Britton* amongst them; and it is whimsical enough that they have only one day of the week and one month of the year to divide amongst the whole of them; the first of these is *Munday*, and the last *March*. The loftiest man is, without question, *Mr. Cliff*; and, as a complete opposite to him, we have *Mr. Low*; their richest man ought to be *Mr. Gold*, the most talkative and elo-

quent one, *Mr. Gabb*, and the plainest man *Mr. Blunt*. It is not unpleasant to think that in so immense an assemblage they are not without *Joy*. Their heartiest and healthiest men can be no others than Messrs. *Hale* and *Hardy*; the man who does the most business should be *Mr. Sell*; whilst, for the most ancient man of the profession, they have *Mr. Senior*, and for their junior, *Mr. Young*.

Neither are they without men of colour; witness Messrs. *White*, *Black*, *Brown*, *Gray*, and *Dunn*. Nor do they want for clerical or *Priestley* men in their society, for they have a *Bishop* and a *Dean*; and though they have no parson, they have several *Clarks*; while with all this display of the superior clergy, they have no church, but are obliged to put up with a *Chappel*. One of their most dignified men is *Mr. Proudfoot*,—what a name to deter a poor author! their warmest men should be Messrs. *Heaton*, *Ginger*, *Burn*, and *Fairburn*.

Now come we to their men of rank, beginning with *Dukes*, proceeding to an *Earle*, descending to a *Noble* and a *Marshall*, and from these to a *Major*, and closing this part of the list with a *Knight*; and yet who does not remember one amongst the tribe, now no more, who, though *Lacking-ton*, was superior to all these. And now, although I have enumerated some of their great men, there is still a greater; viz. *Mr. Bigg*. Having got thus far; I may, perhaps, be allowed to say, that in the whole mass there is but one female, and that one a *Nunn*; but, for their male generations, we may begin with *Boys*, proceed to *Man-son*, then go on to *Mann* himself, from whom we may deduce *Freeman*, *Castleman*, *Longman*, *Loadman*, *Mawman*, *Newman*, *Truman*, and *Allmans*.

I shall now take a different view of the subject, and from having specified some of the various sorts, degrees, dignities, &c., of this respectable body of men, go on to say that there are divers gentlemen who seem, by name, to be pointed out to us, as it were, for the sale of certain specific publications, and no others; as for example, who so fit to sell all works on agriculture, horticulture, road-making, &c. as Messrs. *Flint*, *Farmer*, *Greenhill*, and *Gardiner*? all theories of the tides, books on boring for water, courses of rivers, &c. as *Mr. Wetton*? all theories of the winds as *Mr. Gale*? all works on forest scenery and planting as Messrs. *Wood* and *Underwood*? all accounts of mountainous

districts as *Mr. Hill*? For histories of the low countries, and works on draining as *Mr. Fenn*? for Packwood's treatises on razors as *Mr. Sharp*? for works on fortifications, moats, &c. as *Mr. Foss*? for reports of the hackney coach office and histories of chariotteering in general as *Mr. Jarvis*? or for the elegant epistles and all other correspondence, whether of departed poets, statesmen, or true lovers, as *Mr. Letterman*?

Then all publications relative to ancient weapons, warfare, and so forth, should be given to Messrs. *Archer* and *Bowyer*. What a capital monopoly it would be for *Mr. Leech* if he were the only man allowed to sell medical works; and so by *Mr. Virtue* with regard to all tracts, sermons, and other religious matters. Poetry, oratory, and all flowery subjects would in this way appertain to Messrs. *Budd* and *Rose*; travels and accounts of pedestrian feats to Messrs. *Walker*, *Pace*, *Darton*, and *Swift*; and every thing relative to the noble (or ignoble whichever the reader please) science of *Pancratia*, with all accounts of battles, should be taken from *Pierce Egan* and given to *Bumpus*. Then again, all foreign works, as a matter of courtesy and propriety, should be allotted to Messrs. *Paris* and *Greenland*, the latter of whom should also especially sell all *Captain Parry's* works, and others relative to the northern passage. Then, for the poor laws, churchwardens' and overseers' guides, and all that sort of thing, who could equal *Mr. Parrish*? while for all light matters, *Mr. Ray* against the world.

Every thing relative to the finny tribes, all treatises on angling, in short every thing piscatory from old *Isaac Walton* down to *Salter*, would go by acclamation to *Brooks*, *Ford*, *Fish*, *Fisher*, *Triphook*, and *Hookham*. Then for the works of *Locke*, and every thing branching from them, who so proper as Messrs. *Keys* and *Ward*,—and as now-a-days fashion bears sovereign sway over a great portion of the world,—as tailors have long been said to make the man; and as dress is of such consequence that there are publications issued to make every man his own tailor, and every lady her own dress-maker,—all these sort of things should be apportioned to Messrs. *Capes*, *Spencer*, and *Stocking*. Then for that science of sciences, the science of gastronomy, all directions for carving, marketting, &c. must belong, as of course, to *Cooke*, *Butcher*, *Calf*, and *Kettle*. Ornithological works should be given to *Starling* and *Peacock*; treatises on the eye to *Ogie*; and all sporting

matters, especially relative to the chase, to *Fox, Hunter, and Horne*. I have only to add in conclusion, that all matters of general interest should belong to those peculiarly appropriate names, *Storey, Booker, Reid, and Reader*.
J. M. LACEY.

Original Poetry.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY.

Is there a heart which doth not melt
The tale of others woe to hear?
Is there an eye which would withhold
The tribute of a tear?
Yes, there are hearts,—hard hearts,—which
could
Unmoved another's anguish see;
But, Agnes, such an iron heart
Can never beat in thee.
Then listen, lady, to my lay,
Then list, sweet lady, while I tell
Of one whose days were full of care,—
Of one who loved too well.
Sweet gentle girl! *thou* dost not know
How hopeless love can cloud the eye!
But listen now,—and give my tale
The incense of a sigh.
* * * * *
There lived a youth,—but who, or where,
Or when he lived, it matters not;
Enough, there lived a youth;—the rest
At present is forgot.
Blythe was this youth, as lark at morn;
His careless heart was ever light,
The world before him seemed all gay,
And every hope was bright.
And every pleasure was his own,
For he had never dream'd of sorrow,—
Or, if a care e'er crossed his brain,
He bade it call to-morrow.
One morn—Oh, I remember well!—
One morn, his veins with pleasure ran;—
But e'er the evening came, I ween
He was an altered man.
* * * * *
At times his eyes would wildly glow,
His pulse be fire, his words be madness:
At times, dejected he would sit
For hours in silent sadness.
With folded arms and downcast head
He'd sit—and sit—with vacant stare,
And then he'd start, and beat his breast,
Alas! the wound was *there*!
He loved, poor fool! and with such love
As woman ne'er was loved before;
His peace was gone, his joys were fled—
Fled to return no more.
Ah, how he loved! 'twas with a love
As vast as ocean,—pure as light.
Kind lady! dost thou pity not
This miserable wight?
And did the maid approve his love,
Was happiness, at length, his lot?
That, that could never be, poor youth!
The maiden knew him not.
He was a stranger; could he then
Expect his love to be returned?
He knew 'twas vain, and yet his heart
With love still stronger burned.
And she was worthy of such love,
For, oh! she was a creature fair

As ever came from heaven,—as pure
As e'er shall enter there!
Her locks were dark and cluster'd o'er
A forehead fair, as clear moonlight;
Her eyes, veiled by their silken fringe,
Were black and full and bright.
And there was something in her air—
Proud, and yet tender,—firm, yet mild.
In look she was a woman, yet
In innocence a child.

And she seemed melancholy, one
Might read *that* in her pensive eye;
Yet, could a bosom, pure as her's,
E'er find a cause to sigh?

No, 'twas not grief which cast a shade
Of pensive sadness o'er her face,—
'Twas tenderness which in her eyes
Had fixed its resting place.

Mayhap that pensive look was love—
How dizzed, then, his burning brain!
She loved another! Oh, that thought
Was death to think again

And Hope, which cheers the lowliest wretch,
And gives him dreams of bliss to-morrow,
E'en Hope had left him to his fate—
Despair and endless sorrow.

Days, months, and years rolled on, but his
Was not a heart with time to move;—
Still every whisper breathed her name,
And still each thought was love.

But 'tis in vain to strive with fate;
He found it so, and with a sigh,
He prayed his griefs might soon be o'er,
And wished that he could die.

At length he drooped; his spirit fell;
Sunk was his eye, his brow grew pale,
And all he wished, was, e'er he died,
To tell his mournful tale.

He could not hope to see her, but
He dared to write, and, without art,
He told how fondly he had loved,
How true had beat his heart;—

That heart, that constant heart, which cheered
By no kind look, nor kinder token,
Still loved amid despair and gloom,
And loved her e'en when broken.

* * * * *
And who was she whom thus he loved,
Aye, and her lover, who was he?
Alas! that luckless wight am I;
The maiden? *thou art she*. W. A. C.

TO THE DEPARTING YEAR.

LIKE an old friend—DEPARTING YEAR!
Our close connexions sever;
For TIME pursues his great career
To future realms for ever!
A twelve months' space is ending fast,
The embryo YEAR aspiring!
Memory reflects upon the past,
Returning joys desiring.

This is a festal season, dear
To thousands in the city!
To thousands in a rural sphere,
The young, humane, and pretty:
Their shutters fixed, the wind and cold,
Surround the joyous dwelling;
Children arrived, inspire the old,
Their various hist'ries telling.

Relations meet in friendship's tone;
Hearts throb with kindred feeling;
Laughter in roses glads the lone,
Their heaviest sorrows healing:

Eyes lit by Admiration's spell
Infuse emotions dearer,
And bosoms sigh in LOVE to dwell:
Affection draws them nearer.

Eternal emblems,—verdant boughs!
Are hailed in prickly berries,
Under their shade lips press their vows
In sprightly hey-down-lerries;
The crimson and the crystal chains
Give smiles to urchins' faces,
Females are rosied for their pains,
And hide in kissing places.

The larder rich with meat and pies,
For guests is made refreshing,
The generous purse its weight supplies
The will and power possessing:
The heart is opened widely free
To all the crowds invited,
And many a glance and airy glee
Are relished and recited.

The rich and wealthy, nobly born,
Should send their vessels flowing;
The ale, which creams within the horn
And sets the spirits glowing:
The poor assembled round the hall
With hopes and wishes cheerful,
And e'en the piteous stranger's call,
Though weary, wan, and tearful.

If games are played let forfeits reign,
Nor passion lead to sorrow;
Gambling breeds vices, which will stain
Reflection's dawning morrow:
Reason must guard the temper's pass,
Forgiveness banish terror,
And he who lifts the toasting glass,
Oblivion drink to error.

The YEAR in age will roll away,
Hearts better live and brighter;
Life in its glories will decay,
And MEMORIES' thoughts be lighter:
The old will go—the young succeed,
The SEASONS fade in changing,
But words of duty pledged in deed,
Will keep our LOVE from ranging.
Happy in YEARS! with blessings crowned,
With prospects sweet and glorious;
Affection's sunshine beaming round
Will make our lives victorious:
HOPE, FAITH, and LOVE, our present trust;
The past will yield its treasures,
And all our future days, if just,
Renew increasing pleasures.
Islington, Dec. 1823. J. R. P.

Fine Arts.

HINTS ON SCENE-PAINTING.

PARADOXICAL as it may appear, we are of opinion that the vast extent of stage, in some of our theatres, is, in many respects, injurious to scenic effect. There are certain limits beyond which magnitude is an evil rather than an advantage, and that depth of stage which is so frequently considered necessary, rather impairs than enhances the pictorial attractions of spectacle. The scene itself, or *flat*, (as it is technically termed,) being removed to such a distance from the proscenium, is hardly visible to the spectators seated on the sides of the house; neither is the effect much better to those who are in front, for

instead of viewing a moving picture in its frame, they look at one placed, as it were, within a deep box. Owing to the defects inseparable from the employment of wings, all pictorial illusion is destroyed. What should be a continued line is a series of fragments, and the perspective is thus absolutely mangled. Every one,—at least if he has any feeling for art, perceives how much finer is the effect produced by a drop-curtain, than by any other form of scenery. Let us, for an instance, imagine the beautiful architectural *drop*, at Covent Garden, arranged as a flat and wings,—how has it lost in dignity, magnitude, and picturesque illusion! The business of the stage is generally conducted on the proscenium; it is there that the actors for the most part appear, so as to be visible to the whole house; why, therefore, unless some particular circumstance requires it, should the back-ground of the picture, if we may so express ourselves, be so thrown back as to lose all connexion with the figures? Distance and space may indeed be necessary, but they should be produced on the canvass itself. The actors would then occupy the foreground of the tableau, of which they ought to form a part, instead of appearing, as at present, within a large painted hall; the floor of which is alone sufficiently destructive of all illusion and perspective.

In the present system of stage arrangement, a variety of monstrous blemishes are inevitable. Detached vertical and horizontal scenes, or rather pieces of scenes must be employed to close up the sides and top of the stage; and these, however great attention be paid on the decorations of the scene in general, can never accord in every instance, with the *flat* or principal scene. Hence, too frequently occur instances of the most discordant improprieties,—ceilings partly vaulted and partly flat,—the same ceiling and wings to apartments of very different character, and many other inconveniences which result from the practice now adopted: among these the distorted and broken perspective is not the least. Another considerable imperfection is the want of union in the different objects when represented on separate planes, instead of being confined to one. To this system of scenic arrangement may also be referred the practice of representing little more than the walls and architectural features of interior subjects, without those articles of furniture, which contribute so essentially both to character and effect; for in these cases the scene being little more

than mere elevation instead of perspective view, such objects have been discarded as somewhat incongruous. This we cannot but exceedingly regret, since the scene-painter thus abandons one of the most fertile sources of varied embellishment. Is there any thing indeed, in theatrical painting in which it is more strikingly defective than in this respect? The absence of appropriate and characteristic furniture in the interior of apartments is as little consonant to verity of representation as it is to picturesque effect. Nor is it any wonder that there is so much monotony and jejuneness in scenes of this description under such circumstances. Rarely, indeed, do we witness any attempt at artistical effect in these subjects, although none are more susceptible of it, or afford greater scope to a painter of talent. Truth of *chiaro-scuro* seems to be uniformly sacrificed to unmeaning glare, while any piquant effect of either composition or arrangement seems to be sedulously avoided. From the specimens we too frequently witness, in this department of the scene-painting, at both our larger theatres, we should imagine that those employed upon them, are little conversant with the elegances of modern taste or the beauties of architecture. There is no masterly effect either of general design, perspective, *chiaro-scuro*, or colouring,—no strikingly tasteful or appropriate embellishment,—no richness of fancy;—no feeling for the picturesque in any shape;—on the contrary, the most commonplace forms, exhibited in the most commonplace manner, are continually presented to the eye, and offend by their monotony. Stage scenery should at least be designed by *artists*, even should the execution of it be committed to inferior hands. We recently animadverted, in another part of our journal, while speaking of the performance of 'King John' at Covent Garden, on the barbarous and clumsy manner in which the upper termination of the wings is displayed, whenever the top of the proscenium is elevated to its extreme height; this is another glaring defect that ought to be remedied forthwith. To what purpose do managers incur such enormous expense for stage-effect, in other respects, while such gross blemishes are tolerated? We are so far from being among those who imagine that the scenic art has yet attained its ultimatum, that, in our opinion, very considerable improvements yet remain to be made; and since this accessory part of drama has of late years been so considerably

advanced, we hope that it may be carried still farther towards perfection—yet that indiscriminate passion for glare and show, which prevails on the part of the public, almost precludes the expectation of beholding scenic decoration brought under the regulation of a pure and correct taste, heightened by poetic fancy.

The Drama AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Kean has repeated his Richard, and has performed Othello to Wallack's Iago, which though not a very finished is a very respectable performance. Braham is eliciting as much applause every night he performs as if he had but just burst on the town in meridian splendour. On Tuesday, he appeared in *Love in a Village*, when he introduced several additional airs, including Moore's melody of 'Friend of my Soul,' which, as well as several other songs, was rapturously encored. Miss Stephens introduced the favourite Irish air 'Savourneen Deelish,' which she gave with a pathos and sweetness of expression that has rarely been equalled. Dowton's Justice Woodcock and Knight's Hodge are well known, and the other characters were well sustained.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—On Friday the 12th inst., Mrs. Hemans's long announced tragedy, the *Vespers of Palermo*, which we have noticed elsewhere, was produced. The following is an outline of the story:—

The piece opens with the arrival of Count di Procida, (Young) who, in the disguise of a Franciscan Friar, is a witness to the discontent and murmurs of his countrymen against the oppression of their conquerors, the French—he endeavours to rouse them to vengeance. He next presents himself before Vittoria, (Mrs. Bartley) to whom he makes himself known, and being informed by her, that she has repulsed the addresses of Eribert, the French viceroy, (Mr. Bennett) who, to secure her vast possessions, has exerted his power to obtain her hand in marriage—he acquaints her with his design to attempt the deliverance of his country.—Still disguised, he obtains an interview with Raimond di Procida, (C. Kemble) and finding him eager to second his views, he discovers himself to a son who had long thought him dead. Continuing thus to sound the inclinations of his countrymen, and having gained over to his party, Montalba, Guido, Alberti, and great numbers of the Sicilian Nobles, they concert the means to accomplish their great purpose, and Vittoria, having consented to second their views, apparently yields to the addresses of Eribert, and a day is fixed upon for their nuptials. At the appointed time,

the Provençal nobles being all assembled to celebrate the union of Eribert and Vittoria, the Sicilian nobles, as concerted, present themselves in the banquetting hall, disguised as masquers, bacchanals, &c. They join in the festive scene, when, upon the ringing of the Vesper Bell, and a signal from Vittoria, they attack and disperse the assembled nobles, and Eribert is slain. In the mean time, Alberti having discovered the plot to De Couci, that nobleman musters a body of Provençal troops, and repulses the Sicilians, in which attack Vittoria is wounded.

Interwoven with the main plot of the piece, is the story of the love of Raimond di Procida and Constance, (Miss F. H. Kelly) the former, from a high sense of honour and humanity, being averse to the indiscriminate slaughter of the French, is accused of treachery to the cause, and condemned to die by the conspirators in the moment of their triumph, but is saved from an ignominious end by the interference of Vittoria, who, just before her death, orders him to be liberated, which enables him to join his companions in arms—he succeeds in rallying them—defeats the French troops—is mortally wounded, and dies in giving liberty to his country.

Whatever merit the tragedy possesses as a poem, nothing could be more dull on the stage; indeed, there were radical defects in the piece quite fatal to its success. The first scene presented a singular incongruity. Procida, on whose head a price was set, discovering himself to a number of peasants, many of whom, if not all, he saw for the first time, and revealing a conspiracy to overturn the government before a child that was present. The characters of Procida and Raimond were the only two that possessed much merit, and Charles Kemble, who appeared as a Sicilian dandy, had nearly ruined the latter, in the first act, by his insipid whining; though he redeemed it in the later scenes, and played with much feeling and spirit. The character of Vittoria was a dead weight on the piece, and Miss F. H. Kelly went far towards hazarding her fair fame, in the part of Constance, though her acting did not merit the illiberality with which it was treated by a portion of the audience. The whole play, without ever giving particular offence, went off very heavily, and the audience seemed quite indifferent about it. At the fall of the curtain the disapprobation was rather strong, and the piece has been withdrawn 'for alteration,' as the play-bills have it, after having been performed but once.

Literature and Science.

Mr. J. Bouden has nearly ready for publication, a volume of poems, containing 'The Deserted City,' 'Eva,' a tale, in two cantos, and 'Electricity.'

Mr. Belzoni.—At length some intelligence has arrived of the intrepid and indefatigable traveller, Mr. Belzoni. We have been favoured with the following extracts of a letter which has been received from him. We regret to say, that neither place nor date are given in the latter, for reasons which Mr. Belzoni subsequently states—

'It would be difficult for you, my dear friend, to believe to what excess the revenge of petty men is carried. You will have seen by my letters from Fez and Gibraltar, how far I had advanced in the good will of the Moorish people, and what were my hopes of success, when I was so cruelly disappointed. I must now tell you that my progress in that quarter was stopped, not by the Moors, but by the intrigues of some persons in office, who avail themselves of the occasional authority given to them by their superiors to vent their spleen on an unprotected individual, who refuses to stoop and pay court to them. Not satisfied with the disappointment they occasioned, I find (if the information which I received by the last packet to the Brazils that touched at Teneriffe be correct,) that they have accused me of making an improper use of some letters of introduction which had been given to me, and of endeavouring to pass myself off as an agent of the British government. You well know that I distinctly stated to you, in my letter from Tangier, that I had nothing to do with the English government, and that I relied entirely on my own resources. This letter, I am happy to see, by an English paper now before me, you made public; and in further confirmation, I shall enclose to you the copy of a letter I received from the Moorish minister at Fez. I mention these things to shew you how little pretext there was for their accusations; but they are wofully mistaken if they think to hinder me by such means—nothing but death itself shall deter me from pursuing my intentions. I trust to your kindness and friendship to refute the calumnies against me—be assured that all is going on well—but it is hard to consider that, instead of being supported, I am persecuted; but I must have patience, and if I succeed, why the mortification will be with my adversaries. I am now in the latitude of 21 degrees north; that is all I can tell you for the present, for fear my enemies should come to the knowledge of where I am. Excuse my hasty scrawl.'

The following is the copy of the letter to which Mr. Belzoni refers, and the original of which, in Arabic, is in his possession:—

'Know, that his Imperial Majesty has ordered this communication from me, Sidi Benzulul, to the friend and gentleman Belzoni. We have received your letter, by which we observe your arrival at Tangier, and that you wish to come to the royal presence. You will come, and every thing you want shall be granted, agreeable to your wish, with the help of God.—Judah Benalsha, our agent at Gibraltar, has written to us on the subject, and he requested me to pay you every attention, and to facilitate every thing you wish—there was no

necessity for it, as I am well aware of your situation more than what he has explained—it is quite sufficient what you say that you are the man I knew at Egypt. My master, whom God preserve, has already ordered that you proceed to Fez with due honour and attention, and you shall be before his high majesty. I will get you the order to pass and repass to the cities you may please, with respect and honour.'

Although the subscriptions have been liberal, we regret to learn, from Mr. Belzoni's own statement, that the expenses of his journey to and from Fez, and residence there, together with the necessary presents and other articles, amounted to the sum of 1000*l.* defrayed by himself. We understand that through the interest of the Moorish minister at Fez, an express dromedary has been sent from Fez to Timbuctoo, with money and letters for Belzoni, in case the caravan should already have departed for Timbuctoo. No European, on whose veracity we can depend, has hitherto reached this extraordinary city; it will be a fine field for Belzoni's enterprise, and he deserves the patronage and the good wishes of the liberal and enlightened of all countries.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

Mr. Harding has in the press, a second edition of his 'Treatise on Short Hand,' containing some valuable additional articles on the subject, from the pen of the late W. Blair, Esq., surgeon.

'The Memoirs of Rossini' will be ready in a few days.

The third part of 'Denmark Delineated,' containing a description of Copenhagen and an Appendix on Danish Literature, and embellished with portraits of Holberg, Oehlenschläger, Evald, &c. will shortly appear. The author of this work is likewise preparing for the press 'Rambles in Scotland,' in 12mo., with eight views.

We mentioned, some time ago, says the 'Morning Chronicle,' that the late Lord Erskine had within a very few years of his death begun an auto-biography. We have since learned, from a gentleman who was intimately acquainted with his lordship, that a year and a half ago some progress had been made in it. It was written in very small and thin duodecimo account-books, in paper covers. As well as the gentleman who gives us this information remembers, about five of these little books were, more or less, written in. They contained, among other particulars, an account of a conference between Lord Erskine's mother and Mr. Adam (now commissioner of the Scotch jury courts), upon the subject of her son's proposed change of profession from the army to the bar. It is related, that the consent of the son to this change, was only upon the condition that he failed in procuring promotion in his regiment, the Royals, which he was then seeking. Lord Erskine had also made observations upon the advantage of beginning his career in Westminster-hall, with his voice untainted by the Northern brogue, which so much counteracted the eloquence of the late Lord Melville, in the House of Commons. There was a detailed account, too, of the circum-

stances that led to his acquaintance with Captain Baillie, and produced his engagement in the cause of the King v. Baillie, and the exertions which first gave him a name and character in the profession, and many other anecdotes of great interest and amusement. We expect, with considerable impatience, a complete biography of the most accomplished advocate that ever appeared in England.

Mr. Pugin is preparing for publication the translation of an interesting French architectural work, exhibiting specimens of every variety of the orders, from both ancient and modern examples; the plates, which are elegantly engraved in outline by the celebrated Normand, are accompanied with a translation of the original letter-press.

Mr. Godwin's 'History of the Commonwealth of England' is expected to appear very shortly.

Mr. Black, the author of several works on education of great merit, has announced a Course of Lectures; in which he will demonstrate the injurious effects which the general system of schools and of teaching languages produces on the health, the morals, and intellectual faculties of youth, and develop a method by which, in three months, any person may acquire a more correctly grammatical, and philosophical knowledge of the French language, than is usually imparted in as many years.

'Fatal Errors and Fundamental Truths, in a Series of Narratives and Essays,' is nearly ready for publication.

We have been told, that Mr. Henry Cooper, the barrister, has declared it his intention to write a Life of Lord Erskine. To him, or to whomsoever the lot of being his biographer may fall, we hope the representatives of the deceased nobleman will entrust the manuscripts to which we have alluded, that the public may not be deprived of any thing so interesting as an account, by Lord E. himself, of the circumstances that determined his adoption of the bar as a profession, and attended his rise in it.

At a numerous meeting of the professional friends of Lord Erskine, on Monday last, a subscription was opened for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to his lordship's memory.

'Essays and Sketches of Character,' by the late Richard Ayton, Esq. is in the press.

The Bee.

Title of Archduke.—The title of an archduke, as belonging to the house of Austria, was, by the Emperor Frederick, first given to grace his nephew Philip, when he was about to marry Joan the heiress of Spain.

Pagans.—Religion first took place in cities, and in that respect, says Hooker, was a cause why the name of Pagans, which properly signified country people, came to be used in common speech for the same that infidels and unbelievers were.

Knivet was chief justice and chancellor in the time of King Edward III.

Oxford Curiosities.—On reference to the Oxford University List, the words in italics will be found to be the names of the members:—

Should I say that our *Lyons* are no more than three,

A *Lye* at the first would confound me, d'ye see,—

We have *Bulls*, we have *Foxes*, two *Cranes*, and a *Bear*,

And a *Beaver*, with *Coates*, *White* and *Brown* I declare!

Inducements to epicures we can boast these, *Salt*, *Bacon*, and *Rabbits*, *Strong Porter*, and *Cheese*;

Tench, *Salmon*, *Hare*, *Woodcock*, *Lamb*, *Partridge*, and *Pyes*;

Port, *Porter*, and *Perry*, *White Shrub*, what besides?

Why, we've *Butlers*, and *More*, *Butchers*, *Bakers*, and *Cooks*,

A *Garden* with *Grapes*—*Honey* pure as the *Brooks*.

Should his Majesty come to increase our delights,

We have *Kings* to attend him, with *Princes* and *Knights*;

Deans, *Bishops*, and *Barons*, *Judge*, *Justice*, and *Lords*;

Clerks, *Parsons*—in *Short*, all that Oxford affords!

But I must not forget the two *Sheriffes* and *Proctors*—

Our *Burgess* and *Alderman*,—shall I add *Doctors*?

We have *Boys*—*Love* for ladies, and many a *Ward*

May, perhaps (for we've *Balls*), eye our *Sparkes* with regard.

Let them not fear a *Tripp*, but with *Light-foot* proceed,

And even with *Taylors* and *Tylers* off lead.

Should they follow their *Wills*, on the *Smiths* they'd cast eyes;

But must *Ogles* give up, or will never get *Wise*.

Let not illness prevent their attendance, for, sure

Would they come, I will warrant they'll here find a *Cure*.

Here *Pain** is but little,—here *Spring*, *Love*, and *Joy*,

Bliss, *Eden*, personified, find no *Alloy*.

Oxford Herald.

What's in a Name?—A correspondent in a cheap diurnal, which has for one of its objects the keeping of its readers from ale-houses and liquor shops, signs his letter *Use gin*.—Surely the writer keeps spirit vaults.

The French called King John of England in question (for the murder of his nephew Arthur) as he was Duke of Normandy, and notwithstanding he was absent, and not heard once to plead, yet by a definitive sentence they condemned him, and awarded from him Normandy and his hereditary possessions in France.

The First of August is called, in old almanacks, *St. Peter advincula* and the *Gule* of August, by reason of the daughter of Quincinus, a tribune of Rome, who, being diseased in the throat, was healed by kissing the chains wherewith *St. Peter* was bound.

* There being but one of that name.

Epitaph for the clergyman who was recently buried in his canonicals:—

This clergyman, dressed in his band and gown,
Is only a *CHAP-lain* down.

Saint Andrew a Wit!—The smart answer of *St. Andrew* deserves mention. The devil, in the shape of a beautiful woman, being sitting at a bishop's table, *Saint Andrew* came there, 'as a pilgrim,' to demand alms: upon which she (the devil) asked the saint, how far distant heaven was from earth? 'Thou should'st better know than I,' answered *Saint Andrew*, 'because thou hast fallen from thence.' The Scotch may be proud of this answer of their saint.

Silver Penny.—In the time of *Edward I.* the penny was wont to have a double cross, with a crest, in such sort, that the same might be broken in the middle or in four quarters, and so made half-pence or farthings: In the 8th of *Edward I.* they were first made round, then 20 pence weighed an ounce troy.

Revenues.—In the 12th of *Henry IV.* the revenues and profits of the kingdom, together with the subsidies of wool, and tenths of the clergy, amounted to no more than 48,000*l.*; of which 24,000 marks was allotted for the household expense, most of the rest to guard the sea and defence of this kingdom, in Ireland, and dominion of France. In the 9th of *Henry V.* the revenues amounted to 55,734*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.* In the 12th of *Queen Elizabeth* the profits of the kingdom (besides the wards and Duchy of Lancaster) were 188,197*l.* 4*s.*, the payments and assignments, 116,612*l.* 13*s.*; of which the household was 40,000*l.*—private purse, 2,000*l.*—admiralty, 30,000*l.* The admiralty was 40,000 in May, 1604.

Bishop.—This name was first given to clerks of the market and overseers of things to be bought and sold.

TO READERS & CORR ESPONDENTS.

Viator 'On Inns,' in our next.

The *Literary Chronicle*, for the year ensuing, will be printed on paper of superior quality,—an improvement which we would gladly have adopted earlier, but uniformity of appearance, in the present volume, required that no change should take place till the close of the year.

The *Literary Chronicle* for 1823 will be ready for delivery on the 1st of January, 1824, price 1*l.* 7*s.* in boards. A few complete sets of The *Literary Chronicle*, in five volumes, may be then had of the publisher.

Works published since our last notice.—Arthur Seymour, a Novel, 2 vols. 12mo. 12*s.* Maugham's Pupils Pharmacopeia, 18mo. 6*s.* Schiller's Mary Stuart, translated by Rev. H. Salvin, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* Behon's Abridgment of Nelson's Festivals, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* The Koromantin Slaves, by Author of Solace of an Invalid, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.* Smith's Principles of Forensic Medicine, 2nd Edition, 8vo. 16*s.* Toller's Sermons, with a Memoir by Robert Hall, 8vo. 10*s.* Lunn's Horæ Jocosæ, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* Highways and Byways, 2nd Edition, 2 vols. 14*s.* Howard's Joseph and his Brethren, a Scriptural Drama, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* The Ionian, by Miss Renou, 3 vols. 12mo. 21*s.* Memoirs of I. De Castro, Comedian, 12mo. 6*s.* Edward's Translation of the King *Oedipus* of Sophocles, 8vo. 8*s.* Ultra-Crepidarius, a Satire on W. Gifford, Esq. by Leigh Hunt, 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* Whitaker's Ceremonial of the Coronation of His Majesty George IV. printed in letters of gold, with Portraits, Part 1. 7*l.* 7*s.* The last days of Spain, 8vo. 30*s.* Sincerity, a Tale, 12mo. 5*s.* Fleming's Life and Writings of the Rev. E. Irving, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

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